The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea birds Flash the white caps of the sea But in the fisherman's cottage There shines a ruddier light And a little face at the window

Close, close it is pressed to the window, As if those childish eyes Were looking into the darkness,

And a woman's waving shadow Is passing to an fro, Now rising to the ceiling Now bowing and bending lov

What tale does the roaring ocean, And the night wind, bleak and wild, As it beats at the crazy casement, Tell to the little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother, Drive the color from her cheek?

[Correspondence of the Newark Bully Advertiser.] Ventce-Its Aspect and Condition.

VENICE, Christmas Eve. 1847. Venice! beautiful Venice! Queen of the bewildering than your former dream.

der about and look around me with all the known kind.

they seemed ready to fall upon you.

marbles, and Doge's tombs, or some gal- timed to the "rack" were taken.

only by the rippling of water, the cry of thad been confined for fifteen years, and dutarnish. It is quite edifying to hear women a claim on protection, a superiority to inthe gondolier, or the chiming of bells. No noise of carriage wheels, or tramp of horses, no shuffling of foot passengers, no rumbling of carts. A horse, or even a cow, are animals unknown here at Venice; for the ance of all the gondolas, moving about like Napoleon and his grande armee. phantoms, half causes you to think, that some pestilence has made the city silent,

sallying out of a small side-door, find your- syrens. &c. self on terra firma. Away you go through And now, leaving you alone, to gaze up- ment to a woman."- Vanity Fair. narrow lanes so narrow, that the houses, on the lofty Campanile, or steeple of St.

are rowed to the opera in gondolas. Every one does the same, for even the common people have caught, or inherited, the lazi- Grew side by side, and on the pavement lay ness and indolence of the rich, and profes. Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the park, sional beggars follow after your boat, row. Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time;

ing most stoutly and lustily along, in flat contradiction to their elleged infirmities.

In the evening on the Piazzetta, all Venice is abroad—it is the rendezvous, the gathering place, literally, of Jew and Gentile.

On each side stretches cases and colonnades, brilliantly illuminated, and the noble square

itself, contains every one and every body, in trips lightly along, with no covering to her head, save her jet black hair, twisted and braided most elaborately. Turbaned Turks, good complexion and color, and charming in flowing blue trowsers and polished top- eyes, ojos encantadores. He is, in fact, a boots, gravely smoking their long, amber very pretty specimen of a guardsman. I tchibouques. Moustached French, Ger-saw him rolling past on the Prado in the man and Spaniard, taking their cafe noir. same magnificent carriage with Maria Cowled monk and bare-footed capuchin, Christina, and thought of his luck and of the Archipelago, keen traders they, playing Queen Isabel like a born prince. He eyes. He taught his reader, anacquainted and close by, in front of the viceroy's pal-

Adriatic! How shall I describe thy strange and domes, and minarets, with numerous streamlet of Rianzares, which flows near overjoyed, for his library was no longer to beauties, thy novelties and wonders! Artist gilded Greek crosses and points, dotted with the town. Munoz has lately built a palace consist of sealed volumes. He now oband poet alike have painted and portrayed innumerable golden balls. And for its as there, to nobilitate his place of birth, like tained the services of a secretary acquainted

and the Prisons, look by moonlight. You who, in token of pontifical triumph over imperial power, placed his foot upon his neck. Munoz enriched the shrine on this occasion secretary. His modus operandi was necessary to the prisons, look by moonlight. You who, in token of pontifical triumph over imperial power, placed his foot upon his neck. feel as if in a sort of dream-land, and wan- umns of marble and prophyry, of every Journey to Lisbon.

freshness and ardor of a new comer. For two or three days we have been gondolier- all its barbaric splendor; it frowns down uping-a most easy, delightful mode of sight on you in sullen grandeur; in style and ar most delightful of meals. And so it is to seeing. Your gondola is a long, canon-chitecture alone of its kind, half Byzantine, persons who meet one another in all the

lined on both sides with its princely palaces, ined before this terrible inquisition; and, on fantastically designed, and though discolored the other side, as a gloomy finale, another The silvery snow ! the silvery snow ! Ly age and somewhat dilapidated, looking door, leading down to the dungeons under Like a glory it falls on the fields below; Venice-like, habitable-palaces run mad; un. the palace; the poor prisoner was sure to And the trees with their diamond branches ap der the bridge of the Rialto, and turning bring up there, to die by drowning, the silk-suddenly some corner, shoot into a narrow en cord, or the axe. And if you are curious while, soft as music, and wild and white, and under arches and bridges, so low, and do not fear the cold and damp, take guide and flambeau and descend to these And all this time, you are looking on a prisons, renowned for their borrible security.

city of 115,000 inhabitants, and which, did | The first floor contains eight, in a square, you not know better, you would say, had round which you can walk; the double doors been recently inundated up to the first floor, of each dungeon opened upon the narrow Like spirits that rise from the dust of time, on houses, closely and compactly built to- corridor, and not a ray of light could posgether, four and five stories high, with gra- sibly penetrate these massive stone prisonted, lower windows and half circular, reces houses. The next floor is the same; only a But, ah! like the many fair hopes of our years sed ones above, and trelliced marble balco. narrow passage marks out the "strangling It glitters awhile, and then melts into tears. nies, and scolloped eaves, and tall chimneys place," and by sundry fixtures the mode in that totter with age. And bringing to here which it was done; a closed up door leads and there, to visit a church rich in statues, to the steps down which the prisoners des-

lery, with Titian's master-pieces, and Tinto. Two little vaulted chambers are side by by good natured female friends—who alretto's and Bonafazio's, varying the day by side—the one for the confessor to absolve ways wonder what you can see in Miss but his father told him, "the man who a stroll over the Rialto-Shakspeare's Ri- the doomed man; the other the executioner's Smith that is so fascinating; or what could writes a book he is afraid to publish, is a As night to him that sitting on a hill alto, where "Antonio spat upon the Jew's attiring room. Further on, a private door induce Major Jones to propose for that silly, coward." This decided him. The work Set the mideummer, midnight, Norway sun, coward." Set into sunrise." gaberdine," and "merchants most did con- conducted to the apartments of the doge. - insignificant, simpering Miss Thompson, was published in the beginning of 1838. gregate"—stopping to admire the gold- A staircase, now masoned up, led to a third who has nothing but her wax-doll face to Its reception in his own country, and in all smiths' shops, that line both sides the arch, dungeon, (underneath the two) below the recommend her? What are there in a pair parts of Europe, was such as to repay him, or to look upon the "Hunchback" and its railed circle, where bankrupt merchants endiged in the best above flooring gives back a hollow sound. It dear moralists ask, and hint wisely that the by which it had been produced.—Bentley's Symington. A little dog had become so middle of the day; wrote little, and on loose And takes the one that most we love, dured their pillory-or, halting before the made me shudder to think of the horrible gift of genius, the accomplishment of the Miscellany. first church erected in Venice, (in 459) by cruelties, sufferings, and secret murders of mind, the mastery of Mangnall's Questions. the little colony, who, fleeing from the these poor victims of political tyranny and and a lady-like knowledge of botany and

goons. This you do for hours and return the people broke open these dungeons, scat- and so forth, are far more valuable endow- uriance, fullness and buoyancy; a rising as Silence reigns almost supreme; broken winds. In one a prisoner was found—he charms which a few years will inevitably softness, apprehensiveness, self possession, the little one, as if he had ascertained that to be not only mortal, but brilliant; he was animals unknown here at Venice; for the cloud, suddenly fell on his face, and he was the misfortune of good looks ought to be and body are not to be separated where real former they have no use, (save to illustrate struck blind. Poor fellow, he never saw continually put in mind of the fate which beauty exists. Should there be no great natural history) and poor brindle would find more, and so accustomed had he become to awaits them; and though, very likely, the intellectual instinct, a grace, an address, a hay or grass here equally scarce. You look a solitary life, that he acted like one bewil- heroic female character which ladies admire naturally wise amiableness. Should intelout of your window, and down below you dered, and soon died. He was the last vic- is a more glorious and beautiful object than lect unite with these, there is nothing on glides the water-and the funeral appear- tim to the Inquisition in Venice, thanks to the kind, fresh, smiling, artless, tender little earth so powerful, except the spirit, whom

some pestilence has made the city silent, and that the boats are the undertakers' hearses, shipped barge fashion.

Gardens they have none, and scarcely a Marino Faliero lost his head; and passing of women must have this consolation—that the men do admire them after all; and that, in spite of all our kind friends' warnings and protests, we go on in our desperate er.

We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the child, And held her round the knees against his waist, and blew the swoll'n effect of a trumpeter, while Psyche watch'd them, smiling, and the afraid, here in the Doge's dungeons. tree, save on one or two little squares, through the main gateway, into the open air, ror and folly, and shall to the end of the where they flourish like exotics. Water see, on the Piazetta, in full sight, two col- chapter. Indeed, for my own part, though and milk are importations from the main- umns, of red and grey granite, surmounted I have been repeatedly told, by persons for land, and birds, I am sure, only come here respectively, by a marble statue of St. The- whom I have the greatest respect, that Miss from stress of weather. In odd looking odore, and the famous winged lion of St. Brown is an insignificant chit, and Mrs. pots, stock far up on projecting window Mark, the emblem of the republic. The White has nothing but her petit minois sills flowers bloom, and seem to look re- columns were brought from the Archipela chiffonne, and Mrs. Black has not a word proachfully on the waters, that have robbed go, in the 12th century by some crusading to say for herself, yet I know that I have them of their fair allotment of earth. Poor Doge, on his return from Palestine. To the most delightful conversation with Mrs. Venetians' strangers they, to the sentiment the right, are the three blood-red masts, or Black; (of course, my dear madam, they and beauty, the religion and grandeur of the flagstaffs, "from which, once floated the are inviolable :) I see all the men in a clus-You think you will walk for once, and relievo work, representing neptunes, tritons, and so I am tempted to think that to be

"From vases in the hall Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than their

> nor so sorrowful to forget myself .- Bishop Hall.

Queen Christinn's Husband.

Breakfast has been famed as one of the

And spangles the river and fount as they flow. Oh! who has not loved the bright, beautiful

To live in a purer and holier clime ! A new creation, without a stain, Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain !

Good-Natured Friends.

"Has the beloved reader, in his experience in society, never heard similar remarks mediate success, that he had thought of postsword of the Hun Attila and his barbaric horde, settled like gulls on these water la.

The beauty of a female figure consists in being gently serpentine. Modesty and lux being gently serpentine. tered doors, locks, and bolts, to the four ments for a female, than those fugitive if to meet; a falling as if to retire; spirit, had exchanged their morning salutations, weapon when at rest. He wished his blows

domestic goddess, whom men are inclined it shall call master. But I am losing myself and you, I m to worship—yet the latter and inferior sort

him well that hath but a few, and those not good sheep, and from that hour it complain-great.—Bishop Hall.

The practices of the best men are more subject to error than their speculations. I will honor their good examples; but I will live by good precepts.—Bishop Hall.

I will not be so merry as to forget God

Vilingers in the Great Man's Park. all sorts of costume. Armenian priests, with long beards reaching to their girdles, it must be confessed, is a good-looking fellow, some pale-faced beauty, who low, and wears his Grandee honors bravely.

"A herd of boys with clamor bowl'd about Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids

Arranged accountry dance, and flew thre' light And shadow, while the twangling violin Struck up with Soldier-Inddie, and overhead The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime Made noise with bees and breeze from en The Author of the Mistory of Peru Mr. Prescott had lost one eye by acciedging through the crowd. Soldiers in gay her befoolery, with a pleasurable reministration bright uniforms—the common people, water-carriers, and ballad singers in their pictures que costume. Greek merchants, from tures que costume. Greek merchants, from dent in his early youth, and had, by study, at chess across round tables. Here a story-teller, with his laughing circle of listeners, is all that is false about him. I know a ace, a band of music playing for the enter-tainment of all.

well acquainted with Munoz some twenty read at a slow and stumbling pace, while the historian listened with painful attention. Before you, stands the Basilica of San nist's errand boy, running about, sometimes Practice at length made the work easier barefoot, to serve his father's customers in the whole front but a succession of open his native town. By interest, and with a a word of his author. In this way they the whole front but a succession of open arches and vestibules, all covered with the richest mosaics, representing various scenes in the life of our Saviour and St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice. In architecture, patron saint of Venice are saint of Venice a rious styles, the Greek and Arabic, prevail- push his fortune. He is a native of Taran- became convinced of the practicability of ing. In fantastic beauty, shoot up turrets, con, and takes his ducal title from the substituting the ear for the eye. He was and poet alike have painted and portrayed thee, and yet pencil nor pen have created images life-like and natural. Travellers tell us that Venice is built in the sea, "that its streets are canals," and that "gondolas are its hackney coaches." You are preparite for all this—you picture what it will red for all this present and the Prince of the Duke of Leima and the Prince of t red for all this—you picture what it will all look like—fancy palaces and houses built in the water, gondolas shooting here and there, and even imagine how the Doge's Palace, and St. Marks, the Bridge of Sighs,

my word for it, before the prow of the gondola grates against its marble steps, the dola grates against its marble steps, the dola grates against its marble steps, the dolar grates against its marb strange reality of everything is even more and transepts, and choir, all inlaid with mowe wildering than your former dream.

Though this is my second visit, I still get as if in a sort of dream-land, and wan-level as if in a sort of dream-land, and wan-level as if in a sort of dream-land, and wan-level as of marble and prophyry, of every level as my new sister. In law, and makes the jam, and prepares the endencies that coenting the number of difficulty, for she but this moment; and I don't believe saic; its chapels and oratories, alturs, pulling the number of difficulty, for she but this was no matter of difficulty.

I which are looked on as so many treasons.

And a little further, descending from his placed between two civilizations to extend the contract of the social politics of this assertion.

I which are looked on as so many treasons.

And a little further, descending from his placed between two civilizations to exten ted, a large pile of notes was amassed, breakfast, and makes the butter, and glori- creditors in Paris dun me; I pay them a litwhich was read to him over and over again, fees in the dinner, and attends in all particu. the every month; rents are high; it is imuntil the whole was embraced by his mind, lars to the affairs of her household, as if possible for me to pay for everything.'when they were fused down into the conse- neither canker nor consumption were in the This young man, who with a gesture crushcutive contents of a chapter. When the earth. From morning till night she is all ed a throne, scarce knew where to lay his shaped boat, painted black, the steel prow half Saracenic. Within its wells sat the bloom and freshness of the morning toilette, subject was complex, and not pure narra- energy, all life, all decision and strongprojecting far out of the water. Amidships Great Council in the days of the republic, but certainly not to those who come down tive, requiring a great variety of reference, heartedness. And then, as to being at ease you sent yourself, under a canopy made of black cloth, and on cushions soft as love's pillow; at the sides are windows, to be posterior at the sides are windows. And then marks of haste and care, to conduct the marks of haste and care, the sides are windows at the immersacy of market. Not those with the marks of haste and care, and the immense room is still there, with all the marks of haste and care.

Scarcely has he made a little by his problem; the portraits of all the dogs same effects as the freeze and care.

Scarcely has he made a little by his problem; the portraits of all the dogs same effects as the freeze and care.

Scarcely has he made a little by his problem; the portraits of all the marks of haste and care.

Scarcely has he made a little by his problem; the portraits of all the marks of haste and care.

Scarcely has he ma opened or closed at pleasure, and a little opened or closed at pleasure, and a little slass door, in front, shuts you up in grand exclusiveness. Forward stands the gondo.

The consciousness of this father. By the sacrifice of all he possesses with a pithy Latin inscription, saying, makes the party uncomfortable, or indiffer. The consciousness of this father. By the sacrifice of all he possesses with a pithy Latin inscription, saying, makes the party uncomfortable, or indiffer. The consciousness of this father. By the sacrifice of all he possesses with a pithy Latin inscription, saying, makes the party uncomfortable, or indiffer. The consciousness of this father. By the sacrifice of all he possesses with a pithy Latin inscription, saying, makes the party uncomfortable, or indiffer. The consciousness of this father. By the sacrifice of all he possesses with a pithy Latin inscription, saying. The consciousness of this father. By the sacrifice of all he possesses with a pithy Latin inscription, saying. The consciousness of this father. By the sacrifice of all he possesses with a pithy Latin inscription, saying. The consciousness of this father. By the sacrifice of all he possesses with a pithy Latin inscription, saying. The consciousness of this father in the memory in the lier, his face towards the bow, and behind you, another, who pushes the stern oar.

There is the place of blanks and thought the memory. His labor did not ble. As it she never knew what a doubt lier, his face towards the bow, and behind who, for his crimes, was executed." In ence to it, is accompanied with surliness or end with this process; he found it was as meant. Then she is so well-looking.—

There is the place of blanks in the memory. His labor did not ble. As it she never knew what a doubt lier, his face towards the bow, and behind it was as meant. Then she is so well-looking.—

There is the place of blanks in the memory. His labor did not ble. As it she never knew what a doubt lier, his face towards the bow, and behind it was as meant. Then she is so well-looking.—

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There is the place of blanks in the memory. His labor did not ble. As it she never knew what a doubt lier, his face towards the bow, and behind it was as meant in the memory. His labor did not ble. As it she never knew what a doubt lier, his face towards the bow, and behind it was as meant lier. The she is so well-looking.—

There is the place of blanks in the memory. His labor did not ble. As it she never knew what a doubt lier. As it she never knew what a doubt lier. As it she never knew what a doubt lier. The she had been did not ble. As it she never knew what a doubt lier. As it she never knew what a doubt lin the lier. The she had been did not ble never knew what a doubt You leave the steps of your palace hotel, and with scarcely a perceptible motion, glide and with scarcely a perceptible motion, glide away—over the canals, between rows of houses anchored, as it were, in the water, and a dark staircase in the wall, leading houses anchored, as it were, in the water, and a dark staircase in the wall, leading houses anchored of the wall of the wall, leading houses anchored of the wall, leading houses anchored of the wall of phered by his secretary, and transferred by am beside myself with admiration and aston- to the moment and to nature. His genius, olutionary tribunal and the ins him to a legible form in a fair copy. Yet ishment. And when she makes the jam, unfortunately too fond of indolence, loved death, and with the other writing a constitution of the constitu I have heard him say his hair sometimes she does not mix different sorts of apples; to slumber and give itself up to the careless tution which recalled the pastoral republics at stood on end at the woful blunders and mis. and her custards are delicious; and her pies ness of his age and disposition. It was conceptions of the original, which, every are not only good, but pretty. And she necessary to shake him in order to waken every page, God, the people, justice, and now and then escaping detection, found their way into the first proof of the printer. Amid such difficulties was the composition and despatches them; and makes my brother way brother was with the Orientals, there was out these stains, and not to reject social of the history of Ferdinand and Isabella, put up his cap, and keep tidy; and she says, no transition between idleness and heroism.

Hisk! out of that, cat!" loud enough to Action hurried him away, but soon wearied spilled over the doctrines of liberty, of charthing less than ten years from its commence. destroy the nerves of a delicate cat. And him. He fell back into a reverie of genius. ity, and of reason.—1b. ment. He remembered that Johnson says she minds the dairy, and feeds the calves, Brissot, Guadet, Gensonne, dragged him that Milton gave up his history of England, and sends her young sister Mary up and to Madame Roland's. She did not find him because it was scarcely possible to write his. down, and round about, and gives stirabout manly or ambitious enough for her taste. _ Inscribed to a Friend, on the death of he tory with the eyes of others; and was stimu. to beggars, and sends them about their busi- His southern habits, his literary tastes, his lated in the midst of his embarrassments to ness in the most unexceptionably clever attraction towards a less imperious beauty, overcome them. Well might be feel a manner. I never was so struck down with continually brought him back into the sociproud satisfaction in conquering the ob- astonishment as at the sight of this girl; and, ety of an actress of the Theatre-Francais, And clothe the sunny hills with flewers stacles of nature. Mr. Prescott had four with all, she is never excited-never at all Madame Simon Candeille. He had written copies of the history first printed for him- surprised .- Howitt's Journal. self, and had so little confidence in its im-

Female Benuty.

The Dangers of Power.

The sheep, exposed to be more or less the prey of every animal, came before Jove. seemed propitious, and said to the sheep, "Thou thinkest, then, my poor creature, that I have left thee all too defenceless."

The seemed propitious, and said to the sheep, the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time green hill-sides and blooming valleys, of dark forests, and impending mountains.

that I have left thee all too defenceless. Thou has but to choose thy remedy for this that you are compelled to do the severest fellows battling to dance with Miss Brown; defect. Wouldst thou have me to arm the drudgery. To write for a paper is very defect. Wouldst thou have me to arm thy well, but to edit one is to conde mouth with formidable tusks and thy feet to slavery.—Marryatt. despised by her sex is a very great compli- with claws?' 'Oh, no !' said the sheep, '1 will have nothing in common with the ravnarrow lanes—so narrow, that the houses, nodding to each other, almost touch, turn sharp angles into some wider thoroughlare, lends not only the integrity that will not only the sately grandeur, let me shake you by the lined on either side with shops and cafes, down crooked passages, dark and close, over bridges, and are—lost, but only for a moment. You step to the side of the canal, jump into a gondola, and saying Piazzetta, jump into a gondola, and saying Piazzetta setting of a great hope is like the said the only promenade in Venice, where dat the only promenade in Venice, where at the only promenade in Venice, where a presentation of the said the sheap, and attacked every said and attacked every said the sheap, and atta enous beasts.' 'Or,' continued Jove, 'shall San Marco, soon find yourself safely landed at the only promenade in Venice, where you can safely stretch your legs. In a word, as some one has said, "to walk, requires as some one has said, "to walk, requires pre-determination, and you order your gon-pre-determination, and you order your gon-pre-determination, and go on purpose."

The soul withdraws into itself. The stars dola, and go on purpose."

Gold is the best metal—and for purity leave me, mighty father as 1 am. The dole, and go on purpose. The stars as all others: and vet beginning of this revolution, which does not having five years close to the bank of France.

Taking Horses the bank and destroys the worms or the day at my window, and have hopes of being goat. 'And yet what other way is there to prevent others from hurting thee, unless by giving thee the power to hurt them?' And is this so?' sighed the sheep; then the stars as all others: and vet beginning five years close to the bank of France.

Taking Horses the bank and destroys the worms or the day at my window, and have hopes of being to prevent others from hurting thee, unless by giving thee the power to hurt them?' And is this so?' sighed the sheep; then the stars all others: and vet beginning five years close to the bank of France.

Taking Horses the bank and destroys the worms or the day at my window, and have hopes of being to prevent others from hurting thee, unless by giving thee the power to hurt them?' And is this so?' sighed the sheep; then the stars all others: and vet beginning five years close to the bank of France.

Taking Horses the bank and destroys the worms or the day at my window, and have hopes of being the power to hurt them?' And is this so?' sighed the sheep; the feather that adorns the rootal and the vanity of all the section. The soul withdraws into itself. The stars all others: and yet the power to hurt them?' And is this so?' sighed the sheep; the feather that adorns the rootal and the world seems the world section. The soul withdraw into the coming limit to the coming not that man that hath no faults. I like wrong than to inflict it.' Jove blessed the

> Here lies that part of C. B. L.
> That hampered him from doing well;
> Here lies that film of muddy clay,
> Which kept the light of Heaven away.
> If all his faults thou can'st not brook,
> Into his heart a moment look; If still to judge him thou incline, Oh, unforgiving, look in thine!

ties. Who is that mother who thinks lightly of her influence on the minds of her children? Let her know that on her, it Vergniaud, his sister, and his brother-in- like water in the gutter! O no," he con may now be depending, whether a son is

The College Prize for Metaphysics.

My New Sister-In-Law.

Transitory Griefs of Youth. " For I was young, and one

"The Twa Dogo."

The Aur Advertiser relates an anecdote much attached to a neighboring towser-a sheets, and with his paper on his knee, like huge watch-dog, which was kept chained a man in a hurry who makes the most of his that he seldom left the side of his captive time; he composed his speeches slowly in friend. One morning the tiny one found his reveries, and kept them in his memory hunger was the cause of his friend's uneasi. as curious about their merits in point of art, friend he continued, while the latter allayed the man for every hour; he was a man for every one hundred merchants fail or die insolhis appetite, to frisk about and exhibit symp. great days. toms of the most lively satisfaction.

The editors of these papers must have a will wear down one's existence. In itself, it appears nothing: the labor is not manifest: nor is it the labor, it is the continual attention which it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One paper is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes another. It is an endless repetition of toil, a constant weight upon dius. drudgery. To write for a paper is very

Ladler Hand Writing.

the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic .- Richter.

What are the aims which are at the same time duties? They are, the perfecting of our-selves, the happiness of others.—Kant.

"What is wanting," said Napoleon, one day, to Madame Campan, "in order that the youth of France be well educated?" with three of his colleagues from the South "Good mothers," was the reply. The Em- in a little lodging of the Rue des Jeuneurs, St. Just's house. Robespierre, absorbed in peror was most forcibly struck with the an- and afterwards in a retired house in a su- his own thoughts, went up to the young swer. "Here," said he, "is a system of burb surrounded by the gardens of Tivoli. man's room in order to continue the converged education in one word." Let the mind of His letters to his family are filled with the sation. St. Just flung his clothes on a this parent be imbued with knowledge, and humblest details of domestic management. chair, and prepared to go to sleep. "What her children will imbibe from her the love He can scarcely contrive to live. He are you doing?" said Robespierre. "I am of learning; let her heart be filled with the affection of good, and her shildren will receive from her the love of virtue and of no- of his sister, appear a sum sufficient to sup- replied Robespierre. "Do you not hear the ble deeds. How often has she planted germs, which, in subsequent years, expanditule linen sent him in the cheapest manner. He never thinks of fortune, not even of gloour fellow-creatures, who are men at the and of wisdom! The culture of the religious affections, the development of the sense of duty and of the moral nature—fied by the mission which Bordeaux im—field by the missio this is the great business of life. And to whom has God entrusted the commenceraent of this solemn work? On whom does it devolve to call forth the infant man? family have some claims to press on the room, and every now and then pressing his Where is the influence that shall keep the ministers: he refuses to ask anything for face close to the window, to watch the day-young heart from fatal wanderings and er them, for fear that asking justice should ap-

christian, or be so educated as to be a bless trace of factious feeling, of republican fa ay, I have been guilty of the weakness of ing to his country, an honor to his race, naticism, of hatred to the king, discover not sleeping, but Danton, he has slept" and heir to a glorious immortality. Vergniand. He speaks of the queen with tenderness, of Louis XVI. with pity .-'The equivocal conduct of the king,' he writes in June, 1792, increases our danger writes in June, 1792, fincreases our danger pose which was true and practically attain and his own. They assure me that he able; chimeras, which vanished at the atcomes to-day to the Assembly. If he does not prenounce himself in a decisive manner sought to extort by torture the realization of he is bringing himself to some sad catastrohead in the empire which he was shaking.

for her, under another name, some scenes of the drama then in vogue, of 'La Belle Fer- Ye plack the leveliest blossom there miere.' This young woman, at once a poetess, writer, actress, displayed in this drama all the fascinations of her feelings her talent, and her beauty. Vergniaud intoxicated himself with this life of art, of music, of de- When, mid our hopes that waken fears, clamation, and of pleasure; he was eager to enjoy his youth, as if he had a foreboding The children of our earthly years that it would soon be cut short. His habits

In a state of repose no one would have would appear on the books. He took pains to noticed this man in the crowd. He would have passed with the common herd, without most enormous task. It is not the writing offending or arresting the gaze. But when of the leading article itself, but the obligation to write that article every week, whethin affliction, disease of mind, winter and summer, year after year tied down to the summer, year after year, tied down to the task, remaining in one spot. I have a fellow feeling for I know how a positive throbbing muscles of his eyebrows, temples, low feeling, for I know how a periodical and lips, shaped themselves according to the thought that was in him, and made his counthey overstock their farms only half feed the tenance the thought itself; it was the transfiguration of genius. The time of Vergniaud was when he spoke; the pedestal of his beauty was the tribune. When he had come down it vanished: the orator was no more than a mere man.—Lamartine's Giron-

"Still in the shade and in the rear of the leaders of the National Assembly, a man almost unknown, began to bestir himself, the trees a fair chance for life and health by digmoved by unquiet thoughts that seemed to ging the holes in which they are set wide and forbid him silence and repose; on every occasion he tried to speak, and attacked every der fibres of the roots which are to convey nour-

mental and bodily fatigue of an entire day passed in tumultuous debates, and big with so terrible a night. St. Just lived in a small lodging in the Rue Ste, Anne, not far from

Verguland the Chief of the Girendle. | the house of the joiner Duplay, where Ro. of the day, and what was threatened for the morrow, the two friends reached the door of our fellow-creatures, who are men at the

throats of thousands of victims, and while All these private communications between blood, whether pure or impure, was running law, breathe simplicity, tenderness of heart, tinued, in a deep voice and with a sarcastic to pass through life ignorant of the world, and home. The roots of the public man smile on his lips, "I have not been to bed, of his duties as a man, a citizen, and a spring out of a soil of pure morality. No but have watched like remorse or crime.

> There was something of these three elements in the soul of the convention; a puran order of things not as yet in the nature of man. Holy hopes, vain Utopias, airocious means-such were the elements that commore than any of his colleagues. His plans, religious in their purpose, chimerical in their details, became sanguinary when they came in collision with practical impossibili

> ty. A frenzy of benevolence seized the Utopian; this frenzy of benevolence has the

The Early Last.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER. When the soft airs and quickening showers

And the cool hollows schoped between-Ye go, and fondly bending where The bloom is brighter than the day, Of all that gem the rich array.

The stem, thus robb'd and rudely prest. Stands desolate in the purple even; The flower has withered on your breast, But given its perfame up to Heaven. And mid our joys that end in gloom,

Around us spring, and bud, and bloom-Comes down among them at their play, And bears it silently away.

But while the inmost soul is riven, Our dear and beautious Bud of Life Receives immortal bloom in Heaven.

AGRICULTURAL.

AGRICULTURE THE BEST AND SAFEST BUSIopportunity of seeing them rise and fall. A few years would sweep a generation of them into bankruptcy, and an entirely new list of names other persons of age and experience, and found

Cows .- The following is good advice. The point in which farmers are most in feult is, that animals, let skeleton cow-frames drag themness of the cow is determined partly by their native properties—but the food also has much and very much, to do in making her good other-

Faurr Taxes .- Be careful, in planting, to give

living five years close to the bank of France, but you see it has done no good."

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection in the kindliest soul, is tender.

That man was Robespierre.—Ib.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection in the kindliest soul, is tender. On the 2d of September at eleven o'clock at night, Robespierre and St. Just went out together from the Jacobins, exhausted by the mental and hedile followed Mr. C. out of the stable, around mental and hedile followed Mr. C. out of the stable, around mental and hedile followed Mr. C. out of the stable, around